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VERSES

TO THE

LORD *CARTERET*,

Occasioned by the

PRESENT CONSPIRACY.

24 JUN 52 APR

VERSES

TO THE

LORD *CARTERET*,

Occaſioned by the

PRESENT CONSPIRACY.

By a Gentleman of CAMBRIDGE.

In vain to Sophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving theirs no Plot, *they prove 'tis worſe;*
Unmask'd Rebellion, *and audacious Force.* Dryden.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakeſpear's-Head*, over-againſt *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCC XXII.

V E R S E S

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CARTERET,

24 APR 52

Occasioned by

PRESENTING HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

By a Gentleman of CAMBRIDGE.

By presenting these to Plot, thou plead'st for all.

Unmask'd Rebellion, daft Weakness Fury, Pity den.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at Shakespear's-Head, over-against
Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXXII.

VERSES

TO THE

LORD *CARTERET*,

Occaſioned by the PRESENT CONSPIRACY.

SINCE *Senates* ſafe in legal Rights rejoice,
And reſcu'd Nations ſwell the Public Voice,
Since *GEORGE* ſerene looks down on Faction's Blaſt,
Why are the Muſes in their Duty laſt?
Doubt they fit Patrons of the loyal Lyre?
CARTERET will hear, if PHOEBUS but inſpire.

CARTERET in Council, as in Science prov'd,
Loving the Muſe, and of the Muſe belov'd,
By whom the Chair of Wit is beſt ſupply'd,
Since DORSET, Rival of MÆCENAS, dy'd.
To him begin, nor fear from partial Fate
The Hiſs of Envy, or the Frown of Hate.

Where will *Sedition* drive her giddy Carr,
Where ſpread her Plagues, and Violence of War?
Behold! before the madding *Fury* fly,
The Cut-throat *Whiſper*, and Impoſtor *Lie*,
Diſſembl'd *Duty*, and pretended *Wrongs*,
Falſe *Fear*, and *Clamour* of a thouſand Tongues,
While Night-born *Libel* arms the motley Throng,
Drags in dull Proſe, or ſinks in heavy Song!
But who are they, far blackeſt of the Train,
Thirſty of Blood, and ſedulous of Gain;
Whoſe double Viſages like JANUS part?
Apoſtate Faith, and *Perjury* of Heart.

Britain! for what imaginary Crimes,
Are theſe the Product of thy happy Climes?

Thy

Thy *Altars*----Shine they with diminiſh'd Light,
Or fear the Shadows of a *Romiſh* Night?
While *GEORGE* defends, fear thou no *Romiſh* Gloom;
Thy ſelf muſt court thy own Deſtroyer, *Rome*.
In ſpite of CÆSAR's or the *Senate*'s Name,
The Traitreſs *Veſtal* might betray the Flame.

White *Peace*, and *Plenty* bountiful of Hand,
Pour forth their mix'd Abundance on the Land,
Commerce improv'd, thy Fleets ſecurely ride,
And foreign Riches flow with ev'ry Tide.
Are theſe but gather'd for the Spoiler's Prey?
The Peaſant's Labour, for the Plunderer's Pay?
Muſt the Night-robber (bred to Blood and Eaſe)
Conſume the far-ſought Harveſt of the Seas?
Turns all thy Anger on thy ſelf alone?
No Breaſt to wound, fair Country! but thy own?

Again behold! (if yet thy Eye unpain'd
Can view his Preſence, whom thy Tongue prophan'd)
See, bold *Rebellion*, thy juſt *Monarch*'s Face,
Awe mix'd with Mildneſs, Majeſty with Grace;

Looks ſo divine, unſpeaking, might command,
And wreſt the Dagger from the Traitor's Hand;
At once convert the meditating Foe,
Tho' *Papal* Curſes wing'd the deſtin'd Blow.
Yet *He*, (let foreign Climes with Wonder read,
For foreign Climes abhorr'd the bloody Deed)
He, ſo Conſpiracy in Rage decreed,
The *King*, the *Father* of the Land muſt bleed.
For which of all his many Bleſſings paſt,
Are theſe, Ungrateful, thy Returns at laſt?
For his ſtrong Aid in evil Days implor'd,
For *Faith* eſtabliſh'd, or for *Peace* reſtor'd?
For his mild Clemency to Thouſands ſhown,
Sparing their Blood who would have ſpilt his own?
Is it that Envy ſees with mutual Bliſs,
Freedom and *Property*, Twin-Siſters, kiſs?
That Mercy ſhines, where Juſtice keeps in Awe,
And Equity corrects the Frown of Law?
Or does the Witchcraft of Rebellion ſtrive
To ſee how long, how much He can forgive?
All this unbluſhing *Faction* can ſuſtain,
The Guilt unfiniſh'd is her only Pain.------

Yet

Yet could but Folly ſee, or Rage attend,
Where could their Hopes, but in their Ruin, end?
For what could all their ſummon'd Legions bring
To *aid* their mimic Pageant of a *King*?
Nought could he do, or dare,----but look from far,
Slumber with Saints, and dream of Crowns and War.
O Chief renown'd! O Sword unſtain'd in Fight!
Who ſhall the Wonders of thy Reign recite,
Who twice for long-expected Empire drew,
Twice ſaw the diſtant Foe---- and ſeeing flew?

Not ſo, Great KING, thy military Band,
Brave Souls! as us'd to Conqueſt as Command,
Who o'er the *Flandrian* Fields their Trophies ſpread,
Where MARLBRÔ' pointed, or CADOGAN led;
Who trod undaunted the Death-treaſur'd Mine,
(Such thine, O WITHERS, and ſuch, COBHAM, thine.)
As theſe on *Sarum*'s Plain their Lord ſurvey'd,
Old *Britiſh* Glories ſeem again diſplay'd;
He look'd an EDWARD in his Garter'd Pride,
And *WALLIA*'s ſemblant *Prince* adorn'd his Side.

O SIRE belov'd! O SON of martial Fire,
Smile on the Raptures that your Worths inſpire!
So may ſome future ADDISON ariſe,
Raiſe high your Fame, and mix it with the Skies:
With Admiration be your Bleſſing heard,
To WILLIAM's Fav'rite Name be yours preferr'd,
Great as the *Firſt*, and Glorious as the *Third!*

Where now, *Conſpiracy*, wilt thou retire,
Where hide the poiſon'd Blade, or ſmother'd Fire?
How wilt thou, ſerpentine in Cunning, fly
The ſleepleſs Vigilance of TOWNSHEND's Eye?
What Veil, what Colour o'er thy Treaſons draw,
When PARKER judges in well-argu'd Law?
Or WALPOLE's Spirit, tow'ring o'er his Foes,
In the full Stream of *Latian* TULLY flows?
When RAYMOND's Skill thy ſubtle Wiles unwreaths,
Or, Eloquence! thy Soul in HARCOURT breathes?

While theſe, Great PRINCE, their 'pointed Stations fill,
Vain is the Confidence of Home-bred Ill.
Yet were they weak, as they in Pow'r tranſcend,
Superior Miniſters thy Throne defend,

While

While Providence ſtill gives thee new Supplies
Of Arms and Hearts from CAROLINA's Eyes,
Whoſe propagated Charms adorn her Race,
And plant Thee *Guardian Angels* in each Face.

F I N I S.